

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

PAULA SNUBBED BY CLIMBER AND IS TO MEET JEFF PERRYGREEN.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, as he glanced at me," said Paula, continuing her story. "Then he looked at his mother as if expecting an introduction.

"This young woman came in answer to my advertisement for a social secretary," said his mother casually.

"The boy bowed as ceremoniously as if he had been introduced to me most formally. He remained standing, as I was still on my feet.

"Do sit down, Horace!" ejaculated his mother; "you make me very nervous standing!"

"I am only stopping to tell you I will not be in to dinner, I am going out to the country club," he said, as he noticed I was not asked to be seated. Then, with another ceremonious bow to me, he left.

"After her son left the woman said to me: 'I don't think you will do, Miss Newton. I am seriously afraid you have had too much done for you as a society girl to understand the position of social secretary with me means much hard work. You see, the social set of this city rather look to me to set the pace and so I must be a little ahead of the procession most of the time.'

"I am very sorry, Madam," I said, "that you do not think I will do, and I take my leave with the hope that you will soon get some one who will suit you perfectly. Good morning!"

"As I left the house I met the son on the sidewalk, evidently waiting for me, although he was ostentatiously giving orders to his chauffeur.

"He raised his hat and remarked engagingly: 'I hope you are to be one of our family!'

"On the contrary, your mother thought I would not do at all."

"I am sorry. Can I take you to your destination?"

"I was about to refuse the invita-

tion when I happened to look up—and there was his mother looking out of the window.

"I glanced into the son's face. It was full of mischief. He, too, knew mother was watching.

"I'll be glad," I said, "if you will put me down at Bonn's tea room."

"Right-o," was his response, as he put me in the car. "Why do you go to Bonn's, Miss—" the boy hesitated. His mother had not mentioned my name.

"Miss Newton—Miss Paula Newton," I explained distinctly.

"Not the Miss Newton from —?" he asked eagerly.

"The very same," I said, soberly.

"I've heard my roommate at Yale speak of you."

"Have you? I knew a number of men at Yale."

"But Jeff Perrygreen is the most popular man there," he answered. "He will be here soon to visit me and I will expect to see much of you."

"My dear Mr. Chalmers, you must—if you have read the papers lately—understand that the Paula Newton who was at Vassar and the Paula Newton you are now driving are two very different people. Surely your mother made you understand that!"

"Oh, the mother has the society bug," he answered easily. "She is trying to make dad's money get her in, but dad and I are hoping we can keep out."

(To Be Continued.)

## THE POOR GIRL

\* "Objects aimed at are smashed with remarkable precision. For example, we have just fired four shells at a bride more than 14 miles away. Four times the aviation officer who was watching where our 'shipments' arrived signaled us by wireless the simple word 'bridge.'" — Paris Dispatch in New York Times,